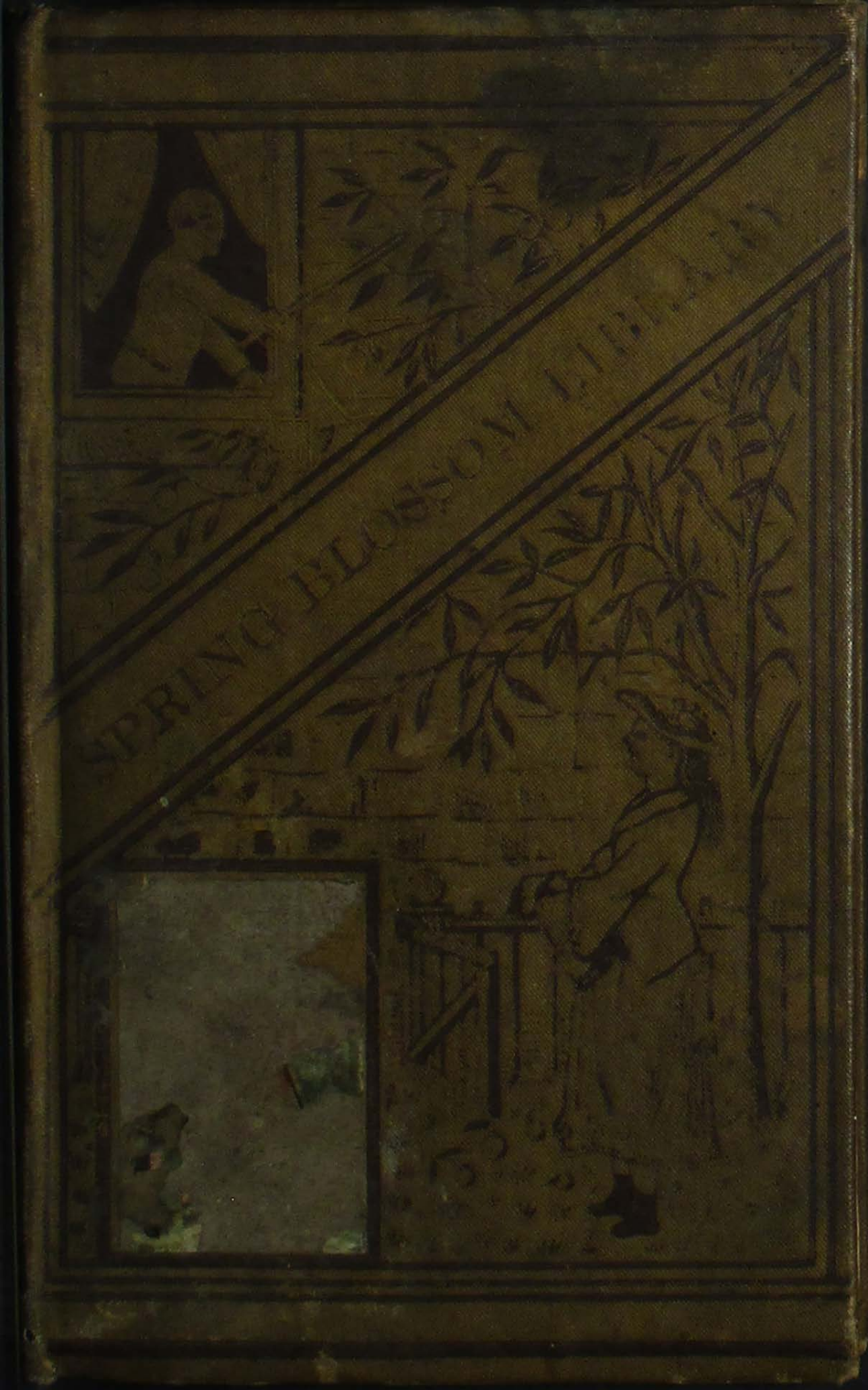

A
SPRINGFIELD ILLINOIS

East Greenwood Ohio

March 30th 1885.

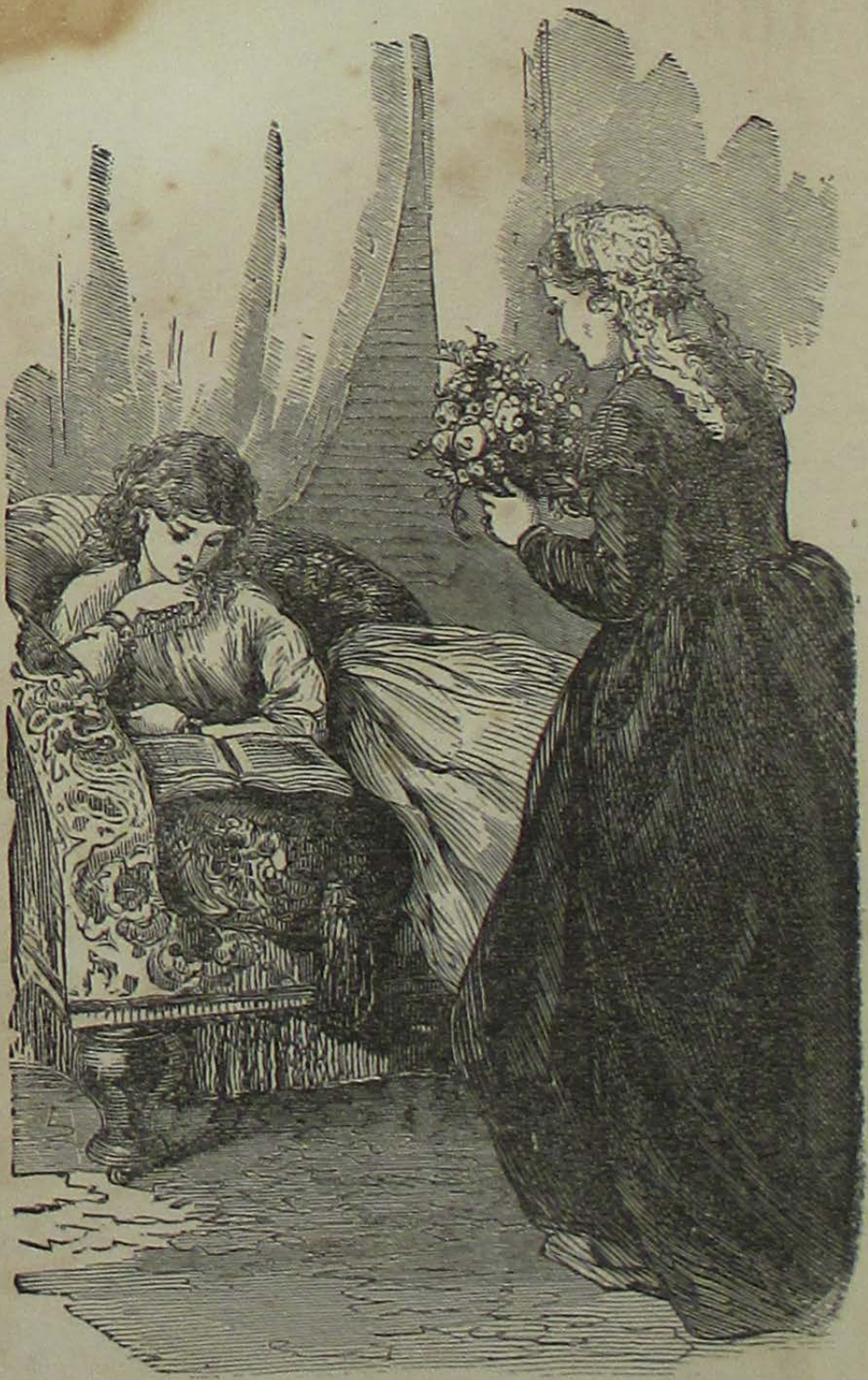
This work was tendered

to Sadie Vernon for having

received the most headmarks

in her spelling class.

E. H. Derry. Teacher.



THE WINTERGREEN GIRL

AND

OTHER STORIES.

EDITED BY

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BOSTON,

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HOPE AND HER WINTER-GREENS.

"MOTHER," said little Hope, "I'll sell winter-greens!" Hope lived in a country place, where winter-greens grew wild in the woods.

It was such a bright idea, that Hope started out of her chair, and stood up straight for the very purpose of uttering it.

But her mother shook her head.

"Who'll buy them, Hope?"

"Somebody," said Hope; "I don't know who yet. Somebody will, I'm sure."

And Hope ran at once to the cupboard and brought out her only treasure, — a little basket of red willow.

"How many bunches will this hold?" said she, "and how large would you make the bunches?"

"I'd put a dozen berries in a bunch," said her mother. "How many bunches do you suppose you could sell in a day, my dear child?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Hope. "If I sold five bunches, at a cent apiece, *that* would be five cents, mother. Mightn't I ask a cent a bunch, if they were large enough?"

"If there are only a dozen berries in each," said her mother, "I think just half that would be enough."

"Two bunches for a cent," said Hope, thoughtfully. "Well, after all, it does not make much difference; there are winter-greens enough, and if five people come to buy, I'd just as willingly give them two bunches for a cent as one. And five cents would buy a whole loaf of bread!"

In truth, bread was much wanted just then, and five-cent pieces too. Hope's mother always used to take in sewing, and so make enough to get bread and even butter for both of them; but now she had a lame finger, and could not sew a stitch. For three weeks she had sat there with her hand bound up and laid on a pillow, and all the five-cent pieces and ten-cent pieces that she had been able to lay by were well-nigh spent. When little Hope brought her the little tin box, where the money used to be, there was but one piece

left. And her hand was no better. So, when Hope looked up from her breakfast, she saw that her mother was thinking with a very grave face, and of course she began to think too; and thus came out the bright idea about the winter-greens.

"Five cents would be a help, wouldn't it, mother?" said Hope; for her mother had set to thinking again. "Maybe some days I'd get more."

"What would you do the days when you got less?" said her mother.

"Why, then, I'd come home and expect to get more next day," said Hope. "And if I only got *one* five-cent piece, mother, that would be something; it wouldn't do any harm to get that."

But her mother looked so tired and troubled, that Hope thought she had better get the cents as fast as she could, and say

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no more about it. Up she jumped, or rather down, from her chair, put away the cups and plates from the table, swept up the hearth, and then away she ran into the next room. When Hope came back, she had a little white cape round her neck, a little white sun-bonnet on her head, and in her hand the little basket.

"Now I'm going, mother," she said, "and I can't tell exactly when I'll be back, because, you know, I don't know; but I'll be just as careful of myself as I can be." And, kissing her mother, little Hope opened the door and went out.

Then she stopped and looked about her.

It was a beautiful morning in autumn, and every leaf of the trees was changing color, and turning yellow and red. And the crickets were jumping and singing

with all their might, and whole flocks of little wrens and big robins fluttered about before Hope's eyes as she stood on the door-step.

She stood and thought; there was one piece of forest in the distance before her, and another at her right hand, and another at her left. To which should she go for the winter-greens? She knew there were some in the one before her; she had heard people say there were in the others. Hope looked and thought, chose the piece of forest at the right hand, took a little run and jumped over the fence, then walked quietly on. She was so sure of finding and selling the winter-greens, that she didn't even feel in a hurry.

If Hope had had two baskets, she would doubtless have filled one with flowers; but in the red willow basket there could go

nothing but winter-greens. She looked, though, as she passed along, at the bright-colored wild-flowers, and even picked a wreath of ivy and twisted it round her bonnet.

She thought as she went along — little, bright child! — how happy it was that such a good thought had come into her head so early in the morning; "because, if it were night," said Hope to herself, "I should have had to wait till morning; and then, if there had been no bread in the house, we shouldn't have had any breakfast. But I suppose now we shall always have bread enough. If God helps me" — that was her next thought. But it did not check the first — not a bit! Hope only believed that her great Friend in heaven, who could do everything, had already helped her. So she went on a lit-

tle quicker than before, singing softly to herself, and taking glad notice of the pleasant morning. Pleasant! — that was altogether too small a word; in fact, she might have used all the words she could think of without exhausting the subject. From the glorious sunbeams that came pouring over the mountain-top down upon little Hope's path, to the smallest leaf her foot went over, there was nothing that did not bring its mite of praise to the Creator, its little witness-bearing to the words: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time."

Hope reached the edge of the forest before the sun got there; but he was not long behind her, and soon sent his rays scattering through the woodland, dancing over the roots of the trees, and

gilding every rock and stump. Hope began her search.

It is a difficult thing to look for winter-greens, or rather to find them, unless you know exactly where to look. One little hollow by a big rock will be full of them, while half-a-dozen other hollows will not have one. And there are other leaves, which look so like the winter-greens at a distance; and there are winter-greens themselves, but with no berries.

Hope had never been in these woods before, and therefore didn't know exactly where the winter-greens grew; but she was a good looker, and had a great deal of patience, — one of the very best helps toward finding winter-greens or anything else.

On she went, singing as before, nod-

ding to the birds and courtesying to the squirrels, and looking from side to side for the winter-greens. That was a red berry — yes, and that another — right in her path, and here were four more, so she had half a bunch already, she thought. Then she met with an interruption, — a young bird was chirping and crying among the leaves, for it had fallen out of its nest.

"It was very careless of you to fall out, little bird," said Hope; "but as you don't know any better, I suppose I must put you in again."

The bird cried louder than ever when Hope took him up in her hand, and the old birds cried out too; but when he was once safe in the nest they soon became quiet.

"Those must be winter-greens over

there," said Hope, "down in the hollow. Oh, how many!" and in a minute she was down in the hollow too. Yes, they were winter-greens, the hollow was carpeted with them; but there were only leaves, not a berry could be found.

"The birds must have eaten them!" said Hope, and for a minute she felt a little disappointed.

"But I dare say the birds were hungry;" and so Hope was content. "There's enough for the birds and me too."

And no doubt there were, but the birds knew better *where* they were than Hope did; the sun had mounted so high that his rays had to run out of the forest to follow him, and yet Hope had gathered but that one little half bunch.

"Half a cent for a bunch," said

Hope, "then half a bunch would be worth only quarter of a cent. That isn't much; but then I needn't stop yet; if I get to the village by nine o'clock that will do."

But from the way Hope's eyes looked about for winter-greens, it was clear she thought that if she could be in the village by eight o'clock, it would be much better. It seemed to Hope as if her eyes found everything *but* the winter-greens.

Here was an old stump of a tree, with cushions of green moss at its foot, like a gouty old man, and among the moss lay snail-shells, and acorns, and little white stones. Here was an old tree, — rather more than a stump, but old and moss-grown still. In the first notch sat a squirrel with his tail in the

air, nibbling a chestnut, and looking at Hope, while Hope looked at him and then at a great hole in the same tree, which doubtless held Mrs. Squirrel and the rest of the family. Partridges started from the bushes as Hope came near, and Hope looked at them, and almost wished that she were a partridge — then she could find the winter-greens. Then an old tree, fallen across her path, gave her leave to go round or jump over it; and the tree was green with beautiful moss, and festooned with bramble and ivy; but if Hope ventured her little foot upon it, the old bark crumbled and cracked, and sometimes gave way altogether and buried Hope's foot in a cloud of dust. Pine knots lay over the ground, all ready for burning; and on some of the stumps nothing soft would grow,

and the little crisp red-capped lichen had them all to itself. The next thing Hope's eyes found was a little girl, — a real little girl, sitting there on the moss, and crying as if her very heart would break.

"Why, what *is* the matter?" said Hope, in great astonishment (she had never shed so many tears in the whole course of her life; not even one night when she went to bed hungry).

"I've lost the string of my sun-bonnet!" said the other little girl, with a great many sobs; "and it falls off, and I can't keep it on."

"Oh, dear," said Hope; "I was afraid something *must* be the matter. Why don't you pin your sun-bonnet?"

"I haven't got a pin," said the little girl; "and mother told me not to pin it."

"Well, I've got a pin," said Hope; "but if your mother won't let you have it, *that* won't do any good. Why don't you find the string?"

"It's lost," said the child, "and I daren't look for it. It's lost far away in the woods."

"Why, that's nothing," said Hope; "what are you afraid of? Nobody will hurt good little children."

"Somebody will bad little children, though," said the other, with more tears.

"Well, you're not a bad little child, are you?" said Hope, — "particularly."

"People say that I am," said the child.

"Oh, well," said Hope, "don't be bad any longer then. Get up at once, and begin to be a good little child now. Mother says it's a shame for a little child to be anything but good."

"No, it isn't," said the other.

"Yes, it is," said Hope. "God loves little children, and feeds them, and takes care of them, and tells them to be good, and gives them everything they want; and it's a great shame if they're not good."

"Have you got everything you want?" said the other child.

"Yes," said Hope; "everything except some winter-greens. I dare say I'll have them by and by. Come, where's your bonnet-string? I'll go and help you to find it."

"It's away down yonder in the woods," said the child, pointing with her finger. "I don't know where it is. I can't find it, and you can't."

"Yes, I can," said Hope; "I always find things."

"Well, you may find it, then," said the other girl. "I'll wait here till you come back."

Hope thought to herself that this was rather a cool proposal, but she hardly ever refused to do anything for anybody.

"What color is it?" she said. "Oh, yellow."

"No, it isn't," said the little girl; "the other string was white."

"Well, white's an easy color to find," said Hope, and off she went down the path that the little girl told her. She had to walk a good way before she found the bonnet-string, but when she came to it, it lay in a place where it was so easily seen that Hope thought the other little girl couldn't have looked much. She walked back a little slower than she came, for it was late now, and not a winter-green

had she seen on her way; and even Hope could not help being a little disappointed.

"It's no use," she thought, when she had given the little girl her bonnet-string, and helped to pin it on, and had seen her run off, — "it's no use for to-day."

"Maybe it is, though," was Hope's better second thought; "I'll see." And she took a new path down among the trees.

It was not a path either, or hardly that; perhaps a flock of sheep might have gone that way a few times, and beat down the leaves; or some impatient boy might have kicked a few of the stones to one side; and now Hope's little feet stepped lightly along, and neither kicked nor beat down anything.

A large rock rose up before her, and over the rock grew moss and fern leaves; and on the moss dry leaves and acorns

had fallen. On this side of the rock lay stones and sticks; on the other, a whole bed of winter-greens! — and so full of berries, Hope had never seen anything like it. Not a plant but had one berry, and some had two or three. How joyfully Hope filled her basket; and how soon! And her basket would not hold the half; there were enough for a whole week.

"How good it was the birds did not come here!" Hope thought to herself, as she rose up with a full basket. "And how good it was of God not to let them!" she thought again, looking up with eyes that were only a little tearful. The tears did not come till the winter-greens did, whatever might be the reason.

The next flat stone she came to, Hope sat down and tied up her bunches, putting

carefully twelve *stems* in each bunch, even when some of the stems had more than one berry. There were plenty of blades of grass to tie them with, and the pretty work was soon done.

"I am afraid I'm rather late for the village," said Hope. "I wonder what time it is?"

But when she got out of the woods the haymakers were all eating their dinner in the field; it was twelve o'clock!

"Well, they'll do for to-morrow, if I can keep them fresh;" and Hope gave a little bit of a sigh.

"And if I can't, I can get more to-morrow," she went on, cheering herself up; "and I think we've bread enough for supper; and God always takes care of us."

And she began to sing, —

"Manna to Israel well supplied
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people shall be fed."

"That will be always," Hope repeated to herself—"always." And once more her blue eyes went up towards the blue sky above, and so fair did it look, so sure did Hope feel that the God who made the firmament watched over her, that when two little tears came running down her cheeks she never knew it.

A carriage came rolling along the road, and Hope jumped out of the way and up to the fence.

"O mamma!" cried a little voice; and then the carriage stopped. There were two people in it, a lady and a little girl; and the lady beckoned to Hope, and

said, "Come here, my child." And Hope went close to the carriage.

"Now, Susan," said the lady.

"Speak, mamma," said the child.

"No, do you speak," said the lady.

Little Susan got down from her seat and stood by the carriage-door, so that her straw hat and long white ribbons were as near as possible to Hope, and she said: —

"My little brother is ill, and he loves winter-greens, — have you got any to spare?"

"Oh, yes!" said Hope; "all these," holding up her basket.

"O mamma! all those!" the child repeated. "But I'm afraid I can't get them all; I've got only five cents of my own. I'll get a bunch. Are they more than five cents a bunch?"

"Oh, no!" cried Hope, "they're all only five cents. I don't know how many bunches there are, but you can have two bunches for a cent. Oh, yes, I *do* know — there are fourteen."

"O mamma!" cried the child again, "two for a cent! And fourteen bunches, mamma! I'll take twelve bunches, mamma; don't you want the other two?"

"Yes," the lady said.

And Hope took the bunches out of the basket and laid them on the little girl's lap, with hands that were really trembling. And when the seven cents were laid in the basket instead, Hope looked at them as if they had been seven dimes.

"Oh, they're so beautiful!" said little Susan, looking at the lapful of red

berries and green leaves. "But you haven't got one left."

"Oh, I didn't want them," said Hope. "I only wanted five cents."

"Little Susan," said the lady, speaking then, "we should like to have some winter-greens every day — shouldn't we?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Susan. "Won't you bring some here every day?" she said to Hope, "and I'll come and get them."

And Hope said, "Oh, yes!" in her turn. She didn't know how tight her hands were clasped as she said it; she didn't know that the carriage left any dust as it rolled off. To Hope's eyes it was only a cloud of sunbeams.

THE RAINY DAY.

LITTLE Lucy Forde stood one day at the drawing-room window looking out with a very discontented face at the thickly falling rain. She wore her hat, her little scarlet cloak, and her strong boots, and appeared to be all ready for an expedition out of doors

But it was evident that no one who could help it would venture out while it

rained so heavily; and it was all in vain that Lucy stamped her foot with impatience; the clouds seemed only to grow blacker and the drops of rain to fall more steadily.

"It is most provoking!" exclaimed the little girl at last, turning angrily from the window, and flinging herself into an easy-chair. "It always will rain just at the wrong time, and spoil every one's pleasure."

Lucy was to have spent the day with her cousins at Riverside, and had expected much enjoyment from her visit; so that this "provoking" rain really caused her much disappointment.

"Well, Lucy," observed her mother, looking up from the book which she was reading at the fireside, "that is a very cross voice I hear. I am very sorry, too,

that it has rained to-day; but I think it would not seem quite so bad to you, if you tried to find something else to think about."

"I don't care for anything else; I don't want to do anything!" pouted Lucy, giving an impatient wriggle in her soft cushioned chair; and any one who had seen her face at that moment would have thought her the most unhappy little girl in the whole world.

But her cross face was of her own making, and she had no real cause of unhappiness.

"Lucy," said Mrs. Forde, after a pause, "since you cannot find any employment for yourself, I must try to find it for you. Have you learned all your lessons?"

"Yes, mother; at least nearly all. I

was learning till you called to me to put on my hat."

"But now you had better take off your hat, because of this terrible rain; and do you not think you might finish them all? It will leave you the more time to-morrow. Which have you left unlearned?"

"Only a verse of my hymn," answered Lucy, in a resigned voice, as if she thought everybody and everything had combined together to persecute her.

Her mother took the book, and Lucy seated herself on a little carpet-stool at her feet, and it was not long before the verse was learned, for it was both short and simple. The words were these: —

"For mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?"

"Countless as the sands!" repeated Lucy, who still felt a little anxious to make difficulties. "What can that mean? I don't understand it."

"Bring me the hour-glass from off the piano," said her mother, "and I will try to explain."

Lucy rose and brought the hour-glass, by which she was accustomed to measure her time for practising when she was learning her music.

Her mother turned it so that the fine red sand in the upper globe began to flow swiftly down into the lower, empty globe. "Now, Lucy," she said, "count those grains of sand for me as they pass. Quick! quick!"

"One, two!" began Lucy hastily. "Oh, but mother, I could not, — there are so many, ever so many, and they are fly-

ing by so fast — nine, ten! O mother, I could not, — they cannot be counted."

Mrs. Forde laid the hour-glass aside. "You are right, my child; the grains of sand are countless, — they cannot be reckoned; and the hymn you have just learned teaches us that the mercies of God are as countless as the sands."

"O mother, that could not be!" answered Lucy, forgetting her grievances for the time, and looking up with an interested face.

"Why not, Lucy dear?" said her mother, in surprise.

"Because I know I have been often taught about the mercies of God," said Lucy, thoughtfully; "but I am sure they were not so many as that."

"Well, tell me some of them, and we

can think about it," replied her mother, gravely.

Lucy now looked very solemn. "I know God is merciful," she said, "because he forgives us when we ask him, and because he sent his Son Jesus Christ to take our punishment, and to die for our sins on the cross. And — and I know he is merciful, too, because he sends his Holy Spirit into our hearts to help us to be good." Here Lucy paused, evidently thinking that she had come to the end of her list.

"Well," said her mother, "is that all?"

"I think, I don't remember, at least — oh, yes!" she cried suddenly, as her eye fell on the large family Bible on the little table at the window, from which her mother read aloud a chapter every morning, "God is merciful, too, because he has

given us the Holy Bible to teach us about himself, and to tell us what we ought to do to please him."

"Quite right," answered Mrs. Forde. "Anything more?"

But Lucy was silent. She could not remember anything more just then.

Her mother, observing her puzzled air, said pleasantly, "Perhaps you will understand your hymn better by-and-by, when you have had time to think more about it. You may run away and amuse yourself now; but in a few days I shall talk to you again about the *countless mercies of God.*"

On the following day the sun shone out bravely. The "provoking" rain had all spent itself, and Lucy enjoyed a very happy day with her cousins at Riverside. Full of health and high spirits, comfortably clad, with plenty of good things to

eat, and nothing to trouble them, they ran, and scampered, and talked, and laughed, the whole day long, till they were tired, and glad when night came to lay their heads on their soft, clean pillows, and sleep in safety and comfort.

When Mrs. Forde bent over her little daughter as she lay in bed sleeping, after this happy day, she thought of all the blessings God had given to her darling, and prayed that Lucy might learn to acknowledge them with a grateful heart.

Not many days afterwards Lucy and her mother went to visit some poor people in the neighborhood, and a servant walked behind them carrying a basket containing some bread and meat and tea. Mrs. Forde was a kind-hearted lady, and was always anxious to share with others the many blessings God had given to her;

for she remembered that Jesus has said, "*Freely ye have received, freely give*" (Matt. x. 8). Lucy skipped merrily along by her mother's side, clad in her warm red cloak, and keeping her hands tucked comfortably into her little black muff. But her merriment quite forsook her when she entered the room where her mother went to pay her first visit, to the Thomson family. Four little children in tattered clothing were gathered round a very small, black-looking fire. Two of them had neither shoes nor stockings, and their little feet were red and swollen from cold.

"Mother is out. She has gone to look for work," said the eldest of the children, in answer to the kind lady's inquiries; while the little ones huddled themselves away into a corner, from whence they

stared anxiously though shyly at their visitors.

"Poor children!" said Lucy's mother, with a sigh. "Have you had any breakfast to eat to-day?"

"No, ma'am; we must wait till mother comes," replied the eldest child, looking sadly on the ground.

Lucy drew nearer to her mother's side in wonder and awe when she heard this. It was a new and strange thing to her to see little children looking so miserable, — little children but half clothed, and who had had no breakfast. How different were they from her cousins at Riverside! How different too, suddenly thought Lucy, from herself! And she glanced downwards at her glossy black muff, and the strong-soled boots that kept her feet so dry and warm.

But the faces of even these poor children brightened when Mrs. Forde emptied the basket of good things, and placed them in the outspread apron of the little girl, — for such a thing as a table was not to be found in that poor room. Before she went away she also left a message for the mother of these little children, desiring her to call the next evening, and saying that some needlework should be provided for her.

Lucy did not say one word as they passed up the street, and her mother forbore to talk to her; for she wished her little daughter to think over what she had seen, and to learn that plenty of good food, and plenty of warm clothes, of money, of friends, of amusement, do not come as a matter of course to every one, but are *mercies*, however *common* they may seem,

which we owe to the goodness of God alone.

The next visit they paid was to a rich gentleman's house. But here another lesson awaited Lucy. On a sofa in the drawing-room lay poor Phœbe, Mr. Mayston's daughter. She had once been Lucy's favorite playmate and companion; but now her health was gone, and she was obliged to lie quiet all day long,—sometimes in much pain, always sick and weary. Lucy went over and kissed her, and hoped she was better; but though Phœbe smiled pleasantly in return, she said nothing, for she knew that she never could be better until God took her out of this world to himself.

Mrs. Forde and Lucy did not remain long at Mr. Mayston's house, for poor Phœbe was too weak to bear much talk-

ing or many people in the room; but Lucy could not help noticing the contrast between herself and her young companion, as she took a glance into the large looking-glass which hung on the wall opposite the sofa. There she saw a reflection of herself standing, stout, rosy and bright-eyed; while Phœbe, who was just of her own age, lay beside her, weak, and pale, and thin, unable any more to run about as she had done formerly. How had this happened? Who had given *the precious gift of health* to Lucy? None could have given it but God. It was one of his "countless mercies," which the little girl had forgotten, because it was *common*, — because she was used to it.

These visits were not soon forgotten by Lucy, and the next time she repeated her

hymn to her mother, she seemed to understand much better how countless are the mercies of God to his sinful children. She began to see better and better, the more she thought of it, that not only has our heavenly Father shown his mercy to us by giving us a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, but that *every moment of every day we are receiving some blessing from his hands.* We may forget him, and never think of thanking him for all his benefits; but if he were to forget us for one day we should be ruined and lost forever.

JESSIE'S BIRTHDAY.

"MAMMA! do let me go! It is my birthday."

Jessie Raeburn clung to her mother with such a look of entreaty that she gained her point.

"You may go, dear," said Mrs. Raeburn; "but I am never very glad to think of you being alone with your cousins, — they are such rude children. You must

try to remember, Jessie, that you are not really alone with them, because God is with you everywhere. I will give you a verse to learn to-day, which will, I hope, help to keep you from doing what is wrong when you are away from me."

Jessie soon could repeat the verse correctly. It was this: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good" (Prov. xv. 3).

Then her nurse came and took her away to Mr. Cameron's house. When they reached the door, all her cousins — George, Lizzie, Harry, Jane, and Caroline — came rushing to meet her, and the hubbub was so great that soon Mrs. Cameron appeared, and said, "Really, children, I cannot have so much noise in the house. You must take Jessie out to the glen, where you can make as great a

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racket as you like; and I wish you also to gather blackberries for me." Then, bringing rather a large basket to them, she added, "If you are good children, and fill this basket, I will ask your father to show you, in the afternoon, the new pictures for the magic-lantern."

The children seized the basket, and ran out of the house as fast as they could. The blackberries were not very plentiful in the glen, and first they thought it best each to eat as many as they chose; then Harry said, "Let us have a game at 'Hunt the hare' before we begin to fill our basket; there will be plenty of time before dinner."

So Harry was to be the hare, and long they chased him in vain; but at last Jessie caught him, and at the same time was

caught in a blackberry bush, which made a great rent in her frock!

"It is my new frock," she cried; "what shall I do?"

"I have my needle-case here," said good-natured Jane; "I will sew it up in a minute."

And she did put it all together again in a wonderful way, hiding it in such a neat manner below a plait, that, as she said, it would never be seen. But Jessie remembered all her mother had said to her, and in her own mind settled she would not try to conceal her carelessness.

"Come along, can't you?" said George; "we must fill the basket now, for it is getting very late, — the gong will be sounding in no time."

It was no easy matter to fill the basket, for, as I said before, it was a bad season

for blackberries; and Jessie was surprised to see how cross and rude her cousins were, now that their play was over. At last a loud "Hurrah" from Harry made them all run to the place where he was, and there they saw a large pitcherful of berries standing.

"What good fairy has been here gathering for us, I wonder?" said Lizzie.

"I know," said George; "it was the little herd-boy. I saw him at work early to-day among the bushes."

"I guess he didn't mean them for us," said Harry; "but here goes" — and seizing the pitcher he tossed the berries into their basket.

Jessie screamed with terror. "Don't! don't!" she cried; "how can you do such a wicked thing? Your mamma will be very angry."

"And who will tell her, I wonder?" said George. "You, I suppose, who are so very good."

"I know it is wicked; it is just stealing," added Jessie.

"Well!" her cousin Lizzie said; "I never heard such rudeness! to call us thieves, because we took a few berries which we found in our own glen! Let us come home, boys, — it is time. I dare say this good girl means to stay and fill the pitcher again."

So they all ran home, laughing very heartily, excepting Jane, who remained behind with Jessie.

"Shall we try to fill the pitcher?" she asked; "for I know Johnnie meant the berries as a surprise to his mother."

"I am afraid," answered Jessie, "that we shouldn't have time; but I have a

shilling papa gave me this morning, and I will put it into the pitcher."

"And I have a sixpence to put in also," said Jane.

So the two little girls put the money in a piece of paper, and wrote on it, "To pay for the berries;" after which they, too, hastened home to dinner.

After dinner Mrs. Cameron said to her husband, "You must show the children the magic-lantern now, for they have been very busy, and gathered me a splendid supply of berries to-day."

Mr. Cameron looked very grave. "I have prepared the lantern," he said; "but I am sorry that I cannot show it to our children." He then told Mrs. Cameron all that had passed in the wood; for, unknown to the children, he had also been there, and seen and heard it all.

"There is to be an exhibition to-night," he added. "I asked the poor little herd boy to come to it, and to bring his two brothers and his sister. You, my dear little Jessie, shall come with me; and you, Jane, for I was glad to see that one of my children had some feeling of propriety left. Caroline, also, may come, she is so young. But go, George, Lizzie, and Harry, to your own rooms—I have nothing to do with thieves. I brought home the pitcher which you emptied, and you shall fill it to-morrow and take it to the widow's cottage the very first thing you do."

The culprits left the room immediately, looking very angry and very sulky.

The other children had no small pleasure in seeing the beautiful pictures, chiefly Eastern ones; and the little herd-boy thought it was a good thing to have

lost his berries, since he had gained such a wonderful sight.

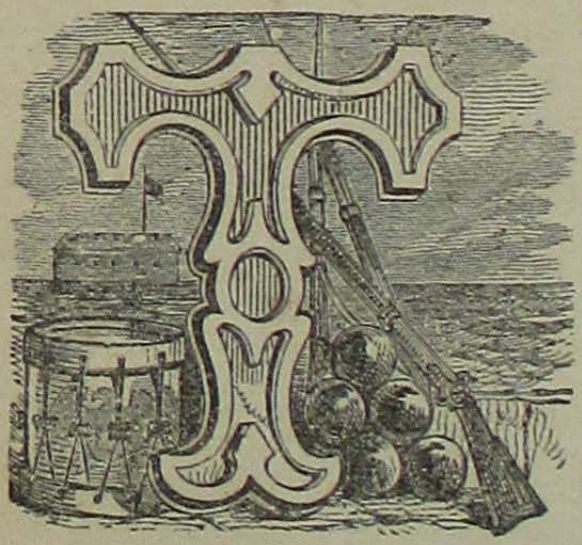
When Jessie, at night, told all the adventures of the day to her mother, she said, "Mamma, my verse came very often into my mind to-day, and I wished to remind my cousins that God was seeing us, but I did not like to do it."

"Perhaps it was as well," replied Mrs. Raeburn; "but I am glad you thought of it yourself, and now you will learn another short verse before you go to bed."

Jessie learned the verse her mother chose, very gladly, and it was this: —

"Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not" (Ps. xvii. 5).

THE PLEASANT SABBATH EVENING.



WAS night, and o'er
the desert moor
The wintry storm-
gusts wildly blew,
And so we closed
our cottage-door,
And round our
cheerful wood-fire
drew;
Each joined the hymn of evening praise,
Then told a tale of Bible days.

First, Charley, in his little chair,
With sober face his tale began,
And told us of the faith and prayer
Of Daniel in the lions' den;
And how the lions were afraid
To kill the righteous man who prayed.

Then Henry spoke of Israel's guide,
The cloud by day, the fire by night,
And said, whatever might betide,
To trust in God is always right;
For he is still, to those who pray,
A fire by night, a cloud by day.

And little Mary told of three
Who once a fiery furnace trod,
Because they would not bow the knee
In worship to an idol-god;
And how to save them from the flame
The Son of God in glory came.

Then Cousin Susan told of One,
Who kindly all our sorrows bore;
Though rich in heaven, on earth became
For us so very, very poor,
That, though the foxes had a bed,
He had not where to lay his head.

The tale was told, a sparkling tear
Rose brightly to each youthful eye,
And then, in accents soft and clear,
Our evening hymn again rolled high;
The little girl and little boy
Joined in the strains of solemn joy.

Then grandpa prayed, that good old man,
With wrinkled brow and hoary hair;
While all the little children ran
To kneel around his elbow-chair;
And thus the Sabbath evening passed
In peace and pleasure to the last.